

CRACKAJACK

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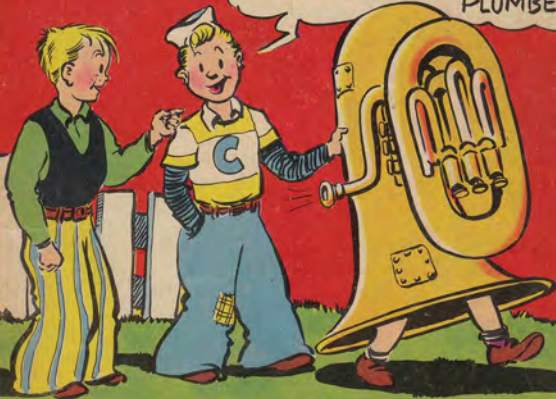
CRACKAJACK

Funnies

10¢

No. 10

NO HE ISN'T CARRYING IT  
FOR ME. HE IS STUCK!  
I'M TAKING HIM TO THE  
PLUMBER!



DAN DUNN • RED RYDER • DON WINSLOW  
MYRA NORTH • BUCK JONES • WASH TUBBS  
FRECKLES • G-MAN • TOM MIX and many other features

APRIL

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# Dan Dunn

By  
Norman  
Marsh

Secret Operative 48





# Dan Dunn

By  
Norman  
Marsh

Secret Operative 48



# Dan Dunn

Secret Operative 48

By  
Norman  
Marsh



YES CAPTAIN--RED O'HALLORAN, CURTIS AND STUART, THE WELFARE LEAGUE-- BUT WHAT DO YOU MEAN--ALMOST?



WHO IS HE?



# Dan Duinn

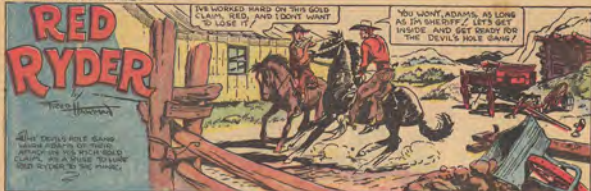
Secret Operative 48

By  
Norman  
Marsh













# BUCK JONES

LOCK MAZE IS LEADER OF THE WOLF GANG PLANS TO HOLD UP THE FAYLORD EXPRESS AT MIDNIGHT IN DEAD MAN'S GULCH AND AT THE SAME TIME FRANKIE SHERIFF BUCK JONES!

"GIVE AN ODOG MANE TAKE THEM HORSE'S BUCK."

"YES, LARS, SOME CAN'T RACE A DOGIE. WATCH THEM IM GOING TO GET SILVER."

OTHER: THE "LOWMAN" STEVE BUCK AND HIS DEPUTY LARS LARSON WALK LOOKS HENCHMAN

"THAT DEPUTY OF BUCK'S IS FOLLOWING US, PETS!"

"WE'LL FIX HIM, DOGIE! GET YOUR ROPE READY!"

"LARS WALKS RIGHT INTO A TRAP!"

"TIE HIM UP, DOGIE!"

"SHERIFF JONES AND ALL OF THE LADIES SOCIETY HAVE COME TO DEMAND SOME ACTION!"

"UNLESS I'M MISTAKEN THERE'S GOING TO BE PLENTY OF IT - VERY SHORTLY!"

"GOOD HEAVENS! IT'S THE WOLF GANG!"

"IT LOOKS MORE LIKE 'WADDIE' THAN THE SHEEPHOGS FROM DEAD MAN'S GULCH..."

"'WADDIE' IS SHORE PUTT IN ON A GOOD ACT... JUST LIKE I TOLD HIM!"

"CARRY THE POOR MAN INSIDE..."

"WHAT'S WRONG, WADDIE?"

"THE WOLF GANG SHERIFF I HEARD 'EM... THEY'RE FIXIN' TO RAID THE FRESCO EXPRESS IN DEAD MAN'S GULCH... TONIGHT!"

LOCK MAZE WATCHES FROM HIS PRIVATE OFFICE IN THE LOWMAN'S REST SALOON





BUCK IN LOCK'S OFFICE. THE EMPLOYEE OF SHERIFF JONES COMES VERY HELPFUL TO LIFE!



# BUCK JONES

WADDIE SIMS HEADS FOR LOCKS 'COWMAN'S REST SALOON' TO COLLECT FOR HIS PART IN FRAMING SHERIFF BUCK JONES!



# BUCK JONES

MEANWHILE NOT FAR FROM FINE—WILL CRODDING PETE AND DOGGIE SET A TRAP FOR BUCK...



# A WISECRACK FOR CRACKAJACK



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# TIME MARCHES BACK

THE TIME MACHINE IS A FAMOUS INVENTION OF LOONEY LUKE, WITH A SIMPLE TWIST ON THE DIAL IT CAN TRANSPORT HIM INTO ANY AGE, THE DISTANT PAST OR THE MYSTERIOUS FUTURE.

## LOONEY LUKE, 20<sup>TH</sup> CENTURY ARTIST AND WRITER

HOW DOES THE PLACE LOOK, HUG?

YOU OUGHT TO DO A RUSHING BUSINESS, LOONEY.

LETTERS TWO SLUGS PER PAGE

SIGNS ONE JIT PER WORD

MEANWHILE, YOU CAN STAY WITH US AND PAY YOUR BOARD WHEN YOU START GETTING SOME CUSTOMERS.

FINE! WHAT'RE WE GOING TO HAVE FOR A BREAKFAST HUG?

I DON'T KNOW I THOUGHT WE MIGHT HAVE SOME EGGS ON TOAST.

OH BOY THAT'S SWELL I ALWAYS EAT TWO EGGS HUG.

WOULD YOU BELIEVE IT HE INSISTS THAT HE CAN EAT TWO EGGS!

WHAT AN APPETITE!

BE PATIENT, LOONEY GLUG AND MUG HAVE GONE AFTER SOME FRESH EGGS THEY'LL BE HERE ANY MINUTE NOW!

GEE.... I CAN HARDLY WAIT.

I HOPE SHE GETS IT OVER WITH WE'VE GOT TO GET HOME

HERE YOU ARE STRIKTLY FRESH AND GRADE A

YEAH-AND ONLY TWENTY FIVE HUNDRED JITS A DOZEN

WOW! YOU MUST HAVE SOME CHICKENS AROUND THESE PARTS!

# TIME MARCHES BACK

THE TIME MACHINE IS A FAMOUS INVENTION OF LOONEY LUKE, WITH A SIMPLE TWIST OF THE DIAL IT CAN TRANSPORT HIM INTO ANY AGE, THE DISHANT PAST OR THE MYSTERIOUS FUTURE.

YOUR LETTER WRITING BUSINESS IS GOING GREAT ISN'T IT, LOONEY?

YOU BET! MY CUSTOMERS KEEP ME BUSY ALL DAY LONG.

I MADE A LOT OF JITS AND SLUGS TODAY BUT THEY ALL SEEM TO BE FULL OF HOLES.

OH THAT'S ALRIGHT! ALL OUR MONEY HAS A HOLE IN THE MIDDLE OF IT.

THAT'S FUNNY TEN THOUSAND YEARS FROM NOW WE STILL CALL OUR MONEY DOUGH SEEING HOW THE FIRST MONEY HAD HOLES IN IT MUST HAVE BEEN DOUGH-NUTS FIRST

SAY LOONEY THERE'S SOME MEN OUTSIDE LOOKING FOR YOU!

GOOD! IT MUST BE SOME MORE CUSTOMERS

I'M THE PRESIDENT OF THE CHISELERS PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATION WE'VE COME TO PROTEST AGAINST YOUR CHISELING IN ON THE CHISELERS!

LETTERS TWO DOLL. PER PAGE

LOONEY LUKE 20TH CENTURY AD.

BUT THIS IS A LEGITIMATE BUSINESS! WRITING WITH A PEN IS MORE ADVANCED THAN CHISELING IN STONE, BUT THATS YOUR LOOKOUT.

YEAH? THAT SO? YOU'VE STOLEN ALL OUR BUSINESS WERE GOING TO PICKET YOU

LOOK MUG THERE'S THE PICKET.

WELL IF YOU KNOW OF ANOTHER PROFESSION BETTER PICK-IT

LOONEY LUKE IS UNFAIR TO CHISELERS LOCAL NO. 83749

## CRACKAJACK ONE PAGE THRILLERS



A sister of Major Hoople was visiting him at his boardinghouse. She had brought along her inquisitive son, Chauncey, aged nine.

"When I grow up," said Chauncey, looking out the window, "I'm gonna be strong like that ice man."

"Tut, tut, my dear nephew," replied the Major. "That's child's play. That's no criterion of strength."

The lad continued to ask questions which became more and more embarrassing—at least, they would have been embarrassing for any one other than the Major. Finally, in a bold attempt to explain just why Atlas was a mere piker as compared with him, Major Hoople volunteered, reluctantly, to tell of the Belgian Congo.

"One morning, I decided to saunter out into the mountains alone. It was a bit annoying having a companion with me. He always insisted upon carrying our guns. Puff, puff, why should I carry a weapon? Hadn't I my own physical strength, which I knew was far superior to that of any beast of the jungles? Simply tommyrot, lugging along a gun."

"Why did you go into the mountains, Uncle Amos, when all the wild animals was in the jungles?"

"Ah, that is where your schooling has failed, my good man. All beasts are not in the jungles. The gorillas, for instance, live mostly on the mountains."

"Did you see any gorillas up there, Uncle Amos?"

"The place was infested with them. I was not interested in the small ones; merely the huge fellows who stood as tall as a man, weighed twice as much and had the strength of three ordinary men."

"Do they swing in the trees, or walk like a man, too?"

"They do walk, my sparkling infant, but, for the most part, they swing from limb to limb."

"Did they bother you, Uncle Amos?"

"Puff, puff; why—errr—do you mean to insinuate that they could possibly molest the Major Hoople? . . . No. They scattered."

"Were you in front of them when they scattered, Uncle Amos?"

"Chauncey! Pleez concentrate upon what I'm about to impart to you."

"Okay, Uncle Amos. Shoot!"

"I've already informed you I was unarmed . . . Now, then. I pinned my attention upon the biggest, most ferocious gorilla in the herd. All the others were definitely afraid of me, but this fellow wanted to retain his prestige among his herdsman, so, he tried to put up a bold front."

"What happened to your front, then, Uncle Amos?"

"Tut, tut, my little infidel. I proceeded to follow him into a cave. It was pitch dark inside and, in places, the ceiling was so low that I had to lie flat and crawl in after him. Then, he crouched behind a huge rock."

"How could you tell, if it was dark in the cave?"

"At frequent intervals I could see two balls of fire flash a few feet from me."

"Did he have matches, Uncle Amos?"

"No, you precious ignoramus, they were his eyes reflecting the light from outside. But, intelligent though those creatures are, I outsmarted him."

"What did you do, Uncle Amos, shut off the light?"

"I remembered a small flashlight I always carried with me. Every time he'd show his eyes, I'd flash my light."

"Yes, Uncle Amos, but he had two eyes and you only had one light."

"Ahhh, I always said you were a true Hoople. That's just the point, Chauncey. His eyes began to flash more often. He couldn't understand why he was getting only one reflection. At last, it drove him crazy. Quickly, I rushed him, wrapped my muscular arms about him, gave him an iron-like squeeze, and he collapsed."

"What were all the other gorillas doing, Uncle Amos?"

"Cheering for their leader outside the cave, for, they felt sure he would be victorious."

"How did you get out alive, then?"

"Ah, that's where my genius came to the fore again. I stripped the giant gorilla of his skin, put it on, and walked out of the cave. Immediately the other gorillas began to make queer noises which indicated they were happy over the victory of their leader."

"Did you have much trouble swinging your big body from limb to limb, Uncle Amos?"

"Why—errr—we'll go into that some other time, you little rattlebrain."



# Myra North



## Special Nurse

by *ford*  
RAY THOMPSON  
CHARLES COLL

**D**OODY WE FIND MYRA AND DR. JASON SPEEDING BACK TO THE HOSPITAL IN THE CAR "BORROWED" FROM MR. CARSON



"TELL ME, JIM—WHAT ABOUT MARK? IS HE—?"



"I'VE BEEN DREADING TO TELL YOU, MYRA—BUT HIS CASE IS PRETTY HOPELESS—UNLESS WE CAN FIND HIS MOTHER FOR A BLOOD TRANSFUSION!"



"BUT SHE'S IN EUROPE, AND WE DON'T EVEN KNOW HOW SHE IS, OR—WHY, JIM—THIS IS TERRIBLE!"



"YES, IT SEEMS PRETTY HOPELESS—BUT I WANT TO PERFORM AN EXPERIMENT ON MOSES AS SOON AS WE REACH THE HOSPITAL!"



A FEW MOMENTS LATER  
"NOW, MYRA, WE'LL HAVE TO LAY ALL OUR CARDS ON THE TABLE WITH THE HOSPITAL STAFF. YOU SEE, I MUST KNOW FOR CERTAIN IF THESE BABIES REALLY ARE TWINS?"

ONCE INSIDE THE HOSPITAL, MYRA IS SHOWN TO THE NURSES' QUARTERS, WHILE DR. JASON HURRIES WITH THE INFANT TO THE SURGERY.



"I BELIEVE I SEE WHAT THE DOCTOR IS DRIVING AT, NOW—IF THE BABIES ARE NOT REALLY TWINS, AND THE ONE WITH THE TATTOO MARK HAS THIS PECULIAR BLOOD DISEASE, IT MAY MEAN—"



LOOKS AS IF YOUR SUSPICIONS ARE CORRECT, DOCTOR—THIS CHILD IS DEFINITELY OF THE "B" BLOOD GROUP!



YES, IT'S GETTING CLEARER, NOW, THERE'S BUT ONE I'LL KNOW, FINALLY IN EUROPE THAT HAS THIS HEREDITARY "B"—THE DEPOSED HOUSE OF HOLLERBOLD—NOW LIVING IN EXILE.



MYRA, I'M PRACTICALLY CERTAIN MARK AND MOSES ARE NOT EVEN RELATED! (SAY WHAT ARE YOU DOING?)



"I'M GOING TO CABLE JACK LANE! THERE'S JUST A CHANCE WE STILL CAN SAVE MARK'S LIFE!"

WHILE MYRA AND DR. JASON ARE FIGHTING VALIANTLY TO SAVE THE EBBIING LIFE OF THE UN-FATED MARK, LET US FOCUS OUR ATTENTION ON JACK AND LEN, WHO AS THEY HASTEN TO THE DOCK AT A FRENCH SEAPORT.



HOW EVER DID ELLEN THAT LINGER IS BEYOND ME, LEN?



MYRA STILL SMART DETECTIVE, MAMMY? FEEL NOT WE REACH AMERICA SOON—



WE LANE, I'VE BEEN A CABLE GRAM AWAITING YOU—THEY FORWARDED IT FROM YOUR HOTEL!



"GREAT GUNS, LEN!" IT'S FROM MYRA! I'LL HOLD EVERYTHING—THIS THROWS AN ENTIRE NEW LIGHT ON THE AFFAIR. GREAT THAT! TANI, ASAN!



LEN, WE HAVE TO CHARTER A PLANE FOR A TRANS-ATLANTIC HOOP! BUT, FIRST WE MUST LOOK UP BLOODEEN ELLEN, OF BODONIAT. MYRA THINKS SHE MAY BE THE MOTHER OF ONE OF THE BABIES... (WHEN?)



# Myra North



## Special Nurse

by *land*  
RAY THOMPSON  
CHARLES COLL



## Myra North



Special Nurse

by  
RAY THOMPSON  
CHARLES COLL

I GUESS ALL OUR WORK HAS BEEN IN VAIN, MYRA.

THIS MAY BE THE END OF EVERYTHING!



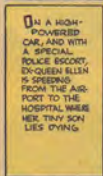
MEANWHILE, IN THE HOSPITAL -

A STRANGE CASE, NURSE? AND IT'S QUITE RARE ABOUT THAT BABY - OH, WELL, WE'VE DONE EVERYTHING WITHIN OUR POWER -



DOCTOR? THERE'S A CALL FROM THE REWARD AIRPORT, ASKING FOR MISS NORTH - A PLANE HAS JUST LANDED FROM EUROPE... HAD THE BABY'S MOTHER IS ABOARD?

WHAT?? HAVE HER RUSHED HERE IMMEDIATELY.

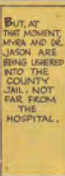


ON A HIGH-POWERED CAR, AND WITH A SPECIAL POLICE ESCORT, DR-QUEEN ELLIN IS SPEEDING FROM THE AIRPORT TO THE HOSPITAL WHERE HER TINY SON LIES DYING.



IT WAS A MARVELOUS PIECE OF DEDUCTION ON MYRA'S PART TO TRACE THE BABY BACK TO YOU, YOUR MAJESTY.

YES, SHE SHALL BE HANDSOMELY REWARDED.



BUT, AT THAT MOMENT, MYRA AND DR. JASON ARE BEING USHERED INTO THE COUNTY JAIL, NOT FAR FROM THE HOSPITAL.



PLEASE, SERGEANT - CAN'T WE HAVE AN IMMEDIATE HEARING? IT'S VITALLY IMPORTANT I GET BACK TO THE HOSPITAL.

SORRY, DOCTOR, NOTHING CAN BE DONE UNTIL MORNING.



I CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHY I DON'T HEAR FROM JACK...



AFTER A SLEEPLESS NIGHT, MYRA IS TAKEN FROM HER CELL TO FACE CARSON'S CHARGES...



SO? YOU THOUGHT YOU COULD ESCAPE ME, DID YOU? IN PRISON, WHILE I ENJOY MY "LAST LAUGH" -



THE PRISONERS ARE ACCUSED OF EVILDOING, ARREST - UNLAWFUL PRESENCE IN THE COUNTRY - ASSAULT AND BATTERY - LARCENY OF ALIEN-MOBILE - SAY? YOU TWO HAVE QUITE A NICHE LITTLE RECORD.



CAN YOU OFFER ME ANY GOOD REASON WHY I SHOULD NOT HOLD YOU UNDER \$30,000 BAIL FOR FURTHER HEARING?

WHY, ER...



JACK!

I CAN, YOUR HONOR!



WHY, SERGEANT LANE? I HAVEN'T BEEN YOU IN THESE PARTS FOR AGES! DO YOU KNOW THE PRISONERS?

DO I KNOW 'EM?? I LOVE 'EM! ES - I HEAR ONE OF THEM.

# Myra North



Special Nurse  
by  
RAY THOMPSON  
CHARLES COLL



SEE HERE! THIS IS HIGHLY IRREGULAR! I DEMAND THAT THE HEARING PROCEED!



JUST A MOMENT MR. CARSON... I AM RUNNING THIS COLLECT! GO ON WITH YOUR STORY, LANE.

WELL, JUDGE, IT'S A LONG TALE, BUT I ASSURE YOU BOTH MISS NORTH AND DE JASON WERE MERELY ACTING TO SAVE A BABY'S LIFE -



MEANWHILE, BACK AT THE HOSPITAL, ANOTHER GRIPPING DRAMA IS BEING ENACTED.

HOW IS THE DOCTOR?

A BIT EARLY TO TELL - JUST YES!

LOOKY WE FIND MYRA. JACK AND DE JASON ABOUT TO LEAVE POLICE HEAD-QUARTERS, AS THE CHANDLER CARSON IS FORCED TO DROP HIS CHARGES IN THE FACE OF JACK'S EXPLANATION.



LANE, YOU SURE GOT HERE JUST IN TIME! A THOUSAND THANKS!



IT SEEMS TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE, TO SEE YOU TWO SHAKING HANDS... I HOPE THIS WILL BE THE BEGINNING OF A BEAUTIFUL FRIENDSHIP!



JACK! IN THE EXCITEMENT, I ALMOST FORGOT ABOUT MARK'S MOTHER! DID YOU BRING HER WITH YOU? QUICK! TELL US ABOUT THE BABY!



YOU'LL KNOW YOURSELF IN A FEW MINUTES, MYRA-- I HURRIED TO THE POLICE AS SOON AS I HEARD YOU WERE ARRESTED! WHEN I LEFT THE HOSPITAL, THEY HAD JUST STARTED THE TRANSFUSION--



DOCTOR GIBSON-- TELL US-- IS HE--

THE CHILD IS SLEEPING IN PEACE! LULLY, MISS NORTH, I'M HAPPY TO SAY HE'S GOING TO RECOVER--



AND NOW, MISS NORTH, THE BABY'S MOTHER IS VERY ANXIOUS TO SEE YOU--

THANKS HEAVEN!



AND NOW, MYRA, IF YOU CAN DECIDE WHAT TO DO WITH MOSES, WHOM THE QUEEN SAYS IS JUST A POOR ORPHAN, YOUR WORRIES ARE OVER--

I HAVE AN IDEA, JIM! I'M GOING TO SEE QUEEN ELLEN RIGHT NOW--



ANY I ASK YOUR HIGHNESS' PLANS, NOW THAT YOUR BABY WILL GET WELL?

I'LL NEVER LEAVE MY BOY AGAIN, MISS NORTH-- I'M PLANNING TO STAY HERE AND RAISE HIM IN AMERICA-- THE "PRISONERS OF PEACE" HAVE GRANTED PERMISSION.



WOULDN'T YOU LIKE TO ADOPT MOSES? SO HE CAN GROW UP WITH MARY? THEY'RE REALLY NICE! JUST LIKE TWINS--

WHAT A GRAND IDEA! I'LL BE DELIGHTED TO YOU AL! WAYS FOR THIS, MY DEAR--



# FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS

BY BLOSSER



MRS. LAMPWICK, THE COURT WISHES YOU TO TELL WHAT YOU KNOW ABOUT THE CHARACTER OF THE DEFENDANT!

YES, YOUR HONOR!



THE BOY IS VICIOUS! HE STRUCK MY SON, LIONEL... MY POOR SON LIONEL, YOUR HONOR, IS A PHYSICAL WRECK!



DID YOU DO THAT, COOK?

I GUESS I DID, YOUR HONOR! YES, SIR!



WHY DID YOU DO IT?

LIONEL ALWAYS TEASED KIDS SMALLER THAN HIMSELF! AND ONE DAY I SAW HIM PUT A SLUG IN A BLIND MAN'S TIN CUP! THEN I HIT HIM!



WAS LIONEL, AS HIS MOTHER CLAIMS, A PHYSICAL WRECK?

NO, YOUR HONOR... NOT UNTIL AFTER I HIT HIM!!



MRS. WEEZEL IS GONNA TESTIFY NEXT! WE GOTTA STOP HER!

SLIDE OVER... SHE'S SITTING IN THIS ROW! WE'LL GET ALONGSIDE OF HER!



WHEN I GIVE THE SIGNAL, YOU ASK ME IF I BROUGHT MY PET MOUSE INTO COURT!

THEN YOU SAY YES... EVEN THO YOU HAVEN'T GOT ONE!



THIS IS A COURT ROOM! I MUST WARN THOSE PRESENT THAT SILENCE IS DEMANDED... THESE DISTURBANCES MUST STOP!



IF I HEAR ANOTHER DISTURBANCE, I'LL HAVE TO ORDER THE GUILTY PARTY OUT OF THE COURT ROOM, REGARDLESS OF WHO IT IS! AND HE'LL HAVE TO STAY OUT!!



## HOORAY!



WHO WAS WITH YOU ON THE NIGHT YOU ENTERED THE DRUG STORE?

FRECKLES M'GOOSEY WAS WITH ME... HE CAN TESTIFY THAT I TOOK THE LAST CENT IN THE HOUSE TO BUY THAT MEDICINE!



YOU SAY HE SAW YOU LEAVE THE HOUSE WITH FIFTY CENTS IN YOUR HAND TO BUY THE MEDICINE?

YES, SIR... HE'S THE ONLY ONE WHO CAN TESTIFY THAT WHAT I'VE SAID IS TRUE!



WILL FRECKLES M'GOOSEY PLEASE STAND, IF HE IS IN THE COURT ROOM? WILL FRECKLES M'GOOSEY PLEASE STAND?



WHO IS THIS FRECKLES M'GOOSEY?

HE'S MY BEST FRIEND, YOUR HONOR!!



HE MUST BE... HE'S NOT EVEN IN THE COURT ROOM!



# FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS

BY BLOSSER





# FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS

BY BLOSSER





# FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS

BY BLOSSER



ALL WE HAVE TO FIND IS A FIFTY-CENT PIECE!

I CAN SEE SOMETHING SHINY DOWN THERE... THAT MIGHT BE IT!



I DUMPED ENOUGH COINS UNDER THAT FLOOR TO CROSS THEM UP PLENTY! THEY DON'T KNOW IT, BUT THEY'RE LOOKING FOR AN INK SPOT IN A COAL BIN!



FIND THE COIN?

THERE'S SOMETHING SHINY ON THE GROUND UNDER THE FLOOR... THAT'S PROBABLY IT!



I'LL HAVE A LOOK!

I HOPE IT'S WHAT YOU'RE LOOKING FOR!

YEAH, I BET YOU DO!



IS THAT IT, MR KELLY? DID YOU FIND WHAT WE WERE LOOKING FOR?

I FOUND PLENTY LAD!



TAKE A LOOK THERE ARE AT LEAST A DOZEN OR MORE COINS... ALL FIFTY-CENT PIECES!

GOSH, BUT NUTTY SAID HE LEFT ONLY ONE COIN ON THE COUNTER!



WE'RE GETTING NOWHERE LAD!

AND YOU KNOW THE OLD SAYING ABOUT POLICEMEN, MR KELLY... CLUES MAKE THE MAN!

HAHA! I'M LAUGHING!



WE'LL TAKE ALL THOSE COINS INTO JUVENILE COURT\* IF NUTTY PAID FOR THAT MEDICINE WITH ONE OF THEM, HE'S A CINCH TO BE CLEARED!



JUST A MINUTE! WHAT PROOF HAVE YOU THAT HE DROPPED A FIFTY-CENT PIECE INTO A CRACK IN THE FLOOR? THERE WERE A DOZEN COINS UNDER THAT FLOOR!



HANG ON TO THOSE COINS, MR KELLY! I THINK NUTTY CAN EXPLAIN THINGS! THEN, PERHAPS MR. TWIGG CAN EXPLAIN A FEW, TOO!



DOESN'T IT SEEM STRANGE, MR KELLY, THAT WE FOUND A DOZEN COINS UNDER THE FLOOR... AND ALL OF THEM WERE OF THE SAME DENOMINATION?

WELL, YOU COULD KNOCK ME OVER WITH A FENDER!



I WON'T GO TO COURT WITH YOU! THE BOY IS GUILTY, AND YOU HAVE NO EVIDENCE TO CLEAR HIM!

IN THAT CASE, YOU CAN ENJOY HEARING HIM SENTENCED TO CLEAR HIM!



YOU KNOW, MR TWIGG, IT'S A STRANGE THING ABOUT ALL THOSE COINS BEING UNDER THE FLOOR... THERE WASN'T A NICKEL, DIME OR QUARTER AMONG THEM!



IF YOU WANTED TO MAKE THINGS DIFFICULT, YOU SHOULD HAVE MIXED THOSE COINS UP A BIT! BUT YOU CAN'T TELL ME THAT ONLY HALF-DOLLARS ROLL OFF YOUR COUNTER INTO A CRACK IN THE FLOOR!



YOU CAN'T ACCUSE ME OF SUCH AN ACT...!

OH, NO? WELL, JUST WAIT AND SEE!

# BOOTS *by Martin*

WLO CORA!  
WHERE'S  
HER BOOTS?

I BELIEVE SHE WENT TO A  
MOVIE, BY HERSELF!! HAS  
SHE — ?



SPILLED TH' DOPE  
ABOUT STUFF 'SURE!  
DO YOU THINK SHE  
WAS REALLY IN LOVE  
WITH HIM, CORA?

I DON'T KNOW! I  
DOUBT IF SHE  
KNOWS HERSELF,  
BUT I'M QUITE  
SURE OF ONE  
THING—SHE'S  
HURT—DREAD-  
FULLY



AND YOU  
CAN HARDLY  
BLAME HER.

BUT, GEE— SHE CAN'T  
GO ON LIKE THIS, WITH  
A CHIP OF ROMANCE  
ON HER SHOULDER.



WELL— THAT'S ONE GRAND THING  
ABOUT BEING FAT, AN' NOT SO FUSKY—  
'N' GET USED TO HOLDIN' TH' BAG! TH'  
BIG S'PRISE IS WHEN THEY DON'T  
RUN OUT ON YOU



SAY! WONDER WOT TH'  
HECKS TH' MATTER  
WITH LA BOOTS?

THAT'S WOT  
I'D LIKE TO  
KNOW



'Y MEAN  
SHE'S  
'DETROUSIN'  
YOU, TOO?

HUH! I CAN'T  
EVEN GET  
WITHIN NIGHAB  
DISTANCE OF ER.

ME,  
EITHER



HEBBS!  
IT'S JUST  
A BAG  
TRACK  
US UP

NOPE! I  
THINK  
SHE'S  
REALLY  
BOTHERED  
ABOUT  
SOMETHIN'

WE COULD  
MAKE IT  
RIGHT, IF  
SHE'D  
ONLY  
TALK.

HEBBS!  
SHE AN  
STUFF  
HAVE  
CHANGED  
MOODS

I DON'T  
THINK  
SHE WAS  
EVER  
REALLY  
IN LOVE  
WITH TH'  
GUN

AN' YA CAN'T  
TELL! THESE  
FEMS ARE  
IN LOVE  
ONE DAY,  
AN' OUT  
TH' NEXT

BOY! SHE'S  
SURE OUT  
OF IT.  
NOW—  
AN' SHE  
WOJN'T LET  
ANYONE  
MAKE ANY  
EITHER



BOOTS IS SO  
TIRED, TRYING TO  
FIGURE WHAT IT'S  
ALL ABOUT— SHE  
WAS CLIPPED OFF  
BY HERSELF—  
TO GET AWAY  
FROM EVERY-  
THING IN GENERAL,  
AND FELLOWS  
IN PARTICULAR—



IT'S SO BEAUTIFUL OUT  
HERE—AWAY FROM IT  
ALL—WITH NOTHING TO  
REMIND ME OF—  
ANYTHING







# BOOTS

BY MARTIN



MISS ST. OPAL—

"IF YO'S COULDIN' SOME FRONT PAGE DOPE ON MISS BOOTS, AH DON'T SOOW NOTHIN' ATALL

THAT'S WOT I WANNA SEE YA ABOUT

LISSEN— TH' FIRST CHANCE YA GET, WILL'YA PEEK IN HER DIARY WUFFIN' OUT WOT IT'S ALL ABOUT, HUM?

ME? AH WOULDN'T DO SECH A THING! NO SAM, NOT DYS CHILE! WHAT- EUGH AM AILIN' DE PO LAMB RIGHT NOW! AM HER OWN BUSINESS, AN' AH'S GIVIN' ASE MAH NOSE TO BREATHEH' PURPOSES ONLY



OF COSE, HER DIARY MIGHT TELL PLENTY — DAT'S SOMETHIN' AH'S OVALLOOKED, SHD NOFF! AH MEAN, AH MEAN, AH HEARD OF SECH A THING — YO OUGHTTA BE SHAMED OF YOSELF



SO BOOTS IS STEPPIN' OUT THIS EVENING... EH? SPLENDID

I'M SIMPLY DELIGHTED



MRS. TUTT, LOOK ME IN THE EYE! IS THAT WHY YA HAD HIM IN FOG, DANER?

SHHHH



SURE I MEAN IT! I WANT TO SWING OUT ON A BIG BUSINESS! I WANT TO DANCE, LAUGH, HAVE SOME FUN — YIPPEE

SMELL, THAT'S MORE LIKE IT! I'M SURE GLAD YOU'RE YOUR OLD SELF TIGHT, BOOTS



TEK, TEK! IF HE KNOWS WOMEN, HE'D KNOW WHEN SHE TALKS LIKE THAT, SHE'S ONLY COVERIN' UP SOME BLUES — TRYIN' TO FORGET SOMETHIN'. WHAT FOOL'S MEN ARE

ABSOLUTELY, YES INDEED... UM — EH? WHAT'S THAT?



TH'S EVENIN' P SURE, COME ON, DEX, TERRY! SAM — AND BUS WILL BE HERE — AND HORACE IS GOIN' TO BEAD CIBBY OVER, LATER ON —



HONEY, AH MISS BOOTS SHUJUE LET ANY OF DE BOYS COME OVAH TODAY?

WHY, OF COURSE —



WELL, DEY'S BEEN AS SCARCE AS HEN'S TEETH ROUND HEAH LATELY —

YEA, I GUSSES THEY HAVE —



BUT, THEY'LL BE MORE SCARCE THAN EVER TODAY

# BOOTS BY MARTIN



# BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

By MARTIN



NEWS, BABE! NEWS!

OK! WHO BY WHO?



NO FOOLING—MORFEE JUST CROOKED IN! AND PAID UP EVERY CENT WE OWED—



LOOK—\$11.40

YEAH, SWELL—



ONLY IT DOESN'T MEAN A THING! IT HAS HAPPENED BEFORE! WHEN ONE OF TH' FELLAS HAS THAT MUCH DOUGH AT ONE TIME, IT MEANS HE HAS HAD A BIG NIGHT AT POKER—AN' TH' REST OF TH' GANG WILL BE SO BROKE FOR TH' NEXT WEEK I WON'T TAKE IN A DIME



YOU SAY BOB AND TIPPY ARE COMING FOR LUNCH TODAY, BOOTS? SPLENDID

YES! I HAVE A PLAN I'M TRYING TO WORK OUT



YOU SEE, ORDINARILY, THEY EAT AT BABE'S TEA ROOM, BUT I ASKED THEM HERE AND THEY AGREED TO PAY ME, IN CASH, WHAT THEY'D SPEND—I MEAN, CHARGE OVER THERE! THEN I'LL JUST GIVE BABE ALL I COLLECT



WHAT I'M TRYING TO DO IS GET HER OUT OF THE RED

HHMM—WELL, I'M JUST WONDERING HOW MUCH RED OPAL WILL SEE WHEN SHE HAS TO DO THAT EXTRA WORK



HEY, BABE—I'VE BEEN FLOURING

OH OH



LOOK! AT THE RATE YOU'RE LOSING MONEY, IF YOU'D CLOSE THE TEA ROOM AND CALL THE WHOLE THING OFF, YOU'D SAVE ENOUGH IN FIFTY YEARS—

AH—BUT, JUST THINK OF TH' FUN I'M HAVING!

# MAJOR HOOPLE



DID BRUFFY TELL YOU ABOUT SEEIN' THE MAJOR, ELYN? HE DIDN'T SAY WHERE HE WAS GOING TO ROOST, BUT HE KEPT LOOKING BACK, LIKE HE SUSPECTED SOMEONE OF PUTTIN' THE SAUCE ON HIS HEELS!

BY USIN' SCURRILES FOR BLOOD-HOUNDS, THEY COULD FERRET HIM OUT OF ANY HIDE-AYIN'!

BUT WHO WANTS TO ?

GOOD OL' MAJOR— EVER SINCE THE BREAK-A-BARREL WENT DRY, HE'S BEEN USIN' HIS HEAD FOR A WIND TUNNEL!

IT'S OKAY WITH THE OWLS =



YERSSAH! DE WHY AM ALL CLEAR, MISTAN MAJAN—I DONE MAKE UP DE COT, AN' LEFF 'DE CHAIN—AN' DE CELLAR DOAM AM OPEN SO WE CAN GO RIGHT IN, WEFOUT NOBODY HAWOWN 'D GO HORN'—HAYO OWN' CELLA'?

VERRY, JASON—YOU SURPINS EVEN THE VALET THAT ATTENDED TO MY EVERY NEED AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE AS GUEST OF ROYALTY—EAD FOR THIS SERVICE I SHALL REMEMBER YOU AS MY WILL WITH A SMOO LEGACY!

A STOWAWY IN HIS OWN SCOW =

ANNABELLE  
by  
VIRGINIA  
KRAUSMANN



I THINK I'M FALLING IN LOVE WITH FREDDIE.



OH—I'VE HEARD YOU SAY THAT BEFORE.

WELL, FREDDIE BUT FREDDIE IS DIFFERENT.



LAST NIGHT HE TOLD ME I WAS THE ONLY GIRL HE EVER LOVED.

YES, MY DEAR—



AND DOESN'T HE SAY IT DIVINELY?



# SPEED BOLTON AIR ACE

SPEED BOLTON, OPERATING AN AIR LINE IN SOUTH CHINA, IS HIRED BY A STRANGE DR. WU TO SECRETLY FLY YOUNG PRINCE CHANG-LI TO TIBET. SPEED'S PLANE IS SHOT DOWN... SINISTER QUIET PREVAILS AMONG THE MYSTERIOUS OCCUPANTS FOLLOWING THE CRASH!



PRINCE CHANG-LI AFRAID HE MIGHT SOON BE CAPTURED BY THOSE WHO FIRED ON THEIR PLANE, ESCAPES UNSEEN BY ALL EXCEPT SALLY.



PRINCE! COME BACK!... IT'S NOT SAFE...!



SPEED!!... ARE YOU HURT?

SALLY STARTS TO FOLLOW THE PRINCE, BUT SEEING SPEED FALL UNCONCIOUS, RUNS BACK TO HELP--

MAJOR EGAN, WHO BAILED OUT AFTER SIGNALING THE FIGHTING PLANE TO SHOOT DOWN SPEED'S TRANSPORT FLOATS AROUND SOME TIME BEFORE BEING SIGHTED"



GET ME TO THAT CHINESE BANDIT'S HEADQUARTERS AT ONCE!

RIGHT, SIR... THEY'RE EXPECTIN' YOU!

BUT WHY DIDN'T YOU SAVE HIM?

I COULDN'T, DR WU... WHEN I CAME TO, HE WAS GONE!

THAT GIRL PROBABLY FORCED HIM WITH A GUN. I THINK MISS LEE CONFEDERATE OF MAJOR EGAN--



## SPEED BOLTON • AIR ACE



SPEED, SHORTY  
SET OUT TO  
FIND PRINCE  
CHANG-LI AND  
TO CAPTURE  
SALLY LEE FOR  
HIS DISAPPEAR-  
ANCE.



# SPEED BOLTON • AIR ACE



MING-LU, LEADER OF THE CHINESE BOY ROVERS, RECALLS A CAMP OF NATIVE BANDITS THEY HAD PASSED THAT MORNING



## SPEED BOLTON • AIR ACE



MAJOR EGAN ARRIVES AT BANDIT HEAD-QUARTERS WITH SALLY JUST AS THE PRINCE AND THE BOY ROVERS ARE STEALING GUNS AND AMMUNITION.



LOCK HER UP IN YOUR AMMUNITION HUT! SHE'S A CONFEDERATE OF DR. WU AND PRINCE CHANG-LI - BUT SHE POSES AS A NEWSPAPER WRITER.



AND WE'VE GOT TO CAPTURE PRINCE CHANG-LI BEFORE HE BECOMES KING OF THE EMPIRE IN THE SKIES!



MAJOR EGAN OUTLINES PLOT AGAINST PRINCE CHANG-LI AND OBTAINS THE CHIEF'S ASSURANCE OF HELP.

HURRY BOYS BEFORE THE BANDITS MISS THEIR GUNS!



YES, BOYS, I AM PRINCE CHANG-LI - I WAS AFRAID YOU WOULDN'T UNDERSTAND IF I TOLD YOU - BUT MY FRIENDS ARE IN DANGER - THEY NEED YOUR HELP!

WE LIKE YOU, PRINCE - WE GO NOW TO FIND YOUR SPEED!



WHAT WILL HAPPEN TO SALLY? WILL SPEED AND DR. WU FIND PRINCE CHANG-LI IN TIME? OR WILL HE AND THE BOYS BE CAPTURED BY THOSE RUTHLESS CHINESE BANDITS AND TORTURED...?

— CONTINUED —



# THE NEBBBS



BY SOL HESS



# THE NEBBS

 BY SOL HESS
 


# THE NEBBBS



BY SOL HESS



# APPLE MARY AND DENNIE

BY MARTHA ORR

THIS IS THE LAST STUFF YOU'LL CHARGE HERE, UNTIL YOU PAY UP.

I WILL, AS SOON AS I GET THE MONEY.



YOU'RE JUST THE MAN I'M LOOKING FOR. HERE'S THE FIFTY DOLLARS FOR PEGGY'S BOARD BILL. JUST SIGN THIS PAPER GIVING ME PERMISSION TO TAKE HER AWAY—



WITH PLEASURE, AND GOOD RIDDANCE. THIS IS FIFTY DOLLARS I DIDN'T EXPECT TO GET.



YOU AND ME BOTH, BUDDY. THANKS.

HEY!



ACCORDING TO THE RETURN ADDRESS ON YOUR MOTHER'S LETTER, THIS IS THE STREET SHE LIVES ON, PEGGY.



WE MUST BE AT THE WRONG END OF IT, MARY. MOTHER COULDN'T AFFORD TO LIVE HERE. SHE'S AWFUL POOR. THAT'S WHY SHE SENT ME TO MY UNCLE'S FARM.



WE DIDN'T EVEN HAVE ENOUGH TO EAT WHEN I WAS WITH HER. AND WE LIVED IN A TERRIBLE ROOM—

NEVERTHELESS, THIS IS THE PLACE—



AND IT ISN'T EXACTLY WHAT I'D CALL LIVING IN THE SLUMS.

GOSH, LOOK AT THE ADMIRAL.



THERE'S SOME MISTAKE, MARY. MY MOTHER COULDN'T LIVE IN A GRAND PLACE. SHE'S POOR. BUT, PEGGY THAT'S THE RETURN ADDRESS SHE PUT ON HER LETTER.



YOU WAIT HERE. I'LL GO IN AND ASK FOR HER AT THE DESK.

SHE PROBABLY JUST USED THEIR STATIONERY, THAT'S ALL.



LOOK, DENNIE! COMING OUT OF THAT BUILDING! THAT'S MY MOTHER!!

I THOUGHT YOU SAID SHE WAS POOR. WOW! LOOK AT THOSE FURS.



WHY PEGGY, WHERE YOU GOING? YOUR MOTHER ISN'T AROUND HERE. THEY'VE NEVER EVEN HEARD OF HER.

MOTHER— OH MOTHER—



GEE, PEGGY, FIRST YOU SAY YOUR MOTHER IS AWFUL POOR. AND NOW YOU CLAIM SHE'S THE WOMAN WHO WENT OUT OF THIS SWELL HOTEL LOADED DOWN WITH FURS.





# APPLE MARY AND DENNIE

BY MARTHA ORR



# APPLE MARY AND DENNIE

BY MARTHA ORR



# APPLE MARY AND DENNIE

BY MARTHA ORR

POOR BABY, SHE'S GRIEVING OVER THE WAY HER MOTHER'S TREATIN' HER. I COULD WRING THAT WOMAN'S NECK.

WHY DON'T YUH?



SHE WOULDN'T LET PEGGY COME TO HER HOTEL TO SEE HER, BUT THAT WON'T KEEP ME AWAY. WHAT I'LL SAY TO THAT FROST-BITTEN ICEBERG WILL BURN ER UP.



I MAY HAVE TO USE TRICKERY TO GET INTO HER ROOM, BUT ONCE I'M IN, IT'LL BE BRASS TACKS, NO HOLDS BARRED, AND EVERY MAN FOR HIMSELF.



THIS TRICK I'M USING TO GET IN TO SEE PEGGY'S MOTHER, IS SO OLD IT CREAKS, BUT MAYBE I'LL WORK JUST ONCE MORE..



FROM THE DRESSMAKERS? MADAME IS WAITING FOR YOU.



THIS IS SO EASY, I'M ASHAMED OF MYSELF.

I CAME ON THE STREETCAR.



YOU! HOW DID YOU GET HERE?

DON'T TALK NONSENSE. I WARNED YOU.



CAREFUL WE'RE NOT ALONE.

DARLING! YOU'RE EARLY!

OH OH, METHINKS I SMELL A RAT.



WHO IS THAT PERSON SYLVIA?



HUMPH, SO HER NAME'S "SYLVIA", NOW, PEGGY TOLD ME IT WAS "MARGARET".

WE WERE JUST DISCUSSING A DRESS.



SHE'S-A - FROM MY DRESSMAKER.

SHE'S AN IMPUDENT OLD THING.

WOULD YOU MIND WAITING OUT IN THE OTHER ROOM, DARLING?

DON'T TAKE LONG, OR I'LL BE CROSS.



NOW THAT YOU KNOW THE REASON I CAN'T HAVE PEGGY AROUND, WHAT HAVE YOU GOT TO SAY?



JUST ONE WORD - PHOOEY!

SURE. I SHOULD WORRY IF YOU MAKE A FOOL OF YOURSELF. PROMISE ME YOU'LL KEEP MY SECRET.



# Clyde Beatty

DARE DEVIL LION TRAINER



NO ONE GOT HURT, BUT THE CRAZY MAN, GROSSER, HAS MADE GOOD HIS ESCAPE -  
-o-  
THE NEXT DAY COCKNEY APPEARS AT THE TRAINING ARENA READY FOR WORK



THE FOLLOWING WEEK HAS BEEN A BUSY ONE FOR COCKNEY, WHO HAS DEMONSTRATED ALL HIS FORMER TRAINING ABILITY!





# Clyde Beatty

DARE DEVIL LION TRAINER



I'M DOUBLING COCKNEY'S SALARY. HE'LL BE CLYDE'S FIRST ASSISTANT FROM NOW ON.

I WISH CLYDE WERE BACK, THOUGH!

WITH HIM STILL IN THE HOSPITAL, I'M AFRAID WE'LL LOSE THOSE BOOKINGS! NOBODY CAN HANDLE THOSE LIONS AND TIGERS THE WAY CLYDE CAN!

THE WOUNDS ARE HEALING NICELY BUT HE MUST NOT LEAVE HIS BED FOR ANOTHER WEEK.

SAYS YOU!

MR BEATTY! GRANDPA'S BEEN CHEWED BY THAT BIG TIGER RAJPUT!

WHAT'S THAT? COCKNEY HURT?

JUST KEEP YOUR BACK TURNED WHILE I GET INTO MY CLOTHES! YOU CAN TALK WHILE I'M DRESSING!

OKAY, MR. BEATTY! IT'S GRANDPA'S RIGHT ARM. HE CAN'T USE HIS WHIP OR PISTOL, SO HE SENT ME FOR YOU. MR. WELLS DOESN'T KNOW I CAME!

I'M GOING TO CLIMB OUT THROUGH THE WINDOW SO THEY WON'T TRY TO STOP ME. I'LL KEEP RIGHT ON TALKING FOR A FEW MINUTES SO THE NURSE OUTSIDE WILL THINK I'M HERE!

YOUR WOUNDS MUST BE AWFUL SORE STILL, MR. BEATTY!

PS-S-ST! I'LL SEND MR. WELLS, HIMSELF, TO GET YOU, ALICE. YOU'RE A GREAT LITTLE PAL!

REMEMBER WHAT THE DOCTOR SAID, MR. BEATTY! YOU'VE GOT TO TAKE IT EASY-(TEE-HEE!)



# Clyde Beatty

## DARE DEVIL LION-TRAINER



CLYDE, OLD MAN! YOU'VE NO BUSINESS GETTING-OUT OF BED! THE SHOW ISN'T WORTH HAVING THOSE WOUNDS OPEN UP AGAIN!

WE'D RATHER LOSE THE MONEY, CLYDE!

NONSENSE! I'M FEELING FINE, AND THERE'S NO TIME TO LOSE!

THEY'RE SURE LEARNING-FAST, COCKNEY! AND NOW FOR THE TICKLISH STUNT!

HI SAY, MR. BEATTY! LOOK OUT FOR THAT RAJPUT! 'E'S GOT 'IS TEMPER UP!

I DON'T THINK HE'LL GIVE ANY MORE TROUBLE.

IF HE DOES, I'LL POKE HIM IN THE KISSER!

YOU SURE MUFFED THE PLAY WITH THAT BIRDSHOT, GROSSER! MAYBE YOU GOT SOME MORE BRIGHT IDEAS, EH!

ALL I ASK IS ANOTHER CHANCE TO GET CLYDE BEATTY, BOSS! HE'S BACK ON THE JOB NOW, BUT HIS LUCK CAN'T HOLD FOREVER, MR. FARNUM!

GROSSER IS STILL CRAZY FOR VENGEANCE ON CLYDE BEATTY. THIS TIME HE'LL STOP AT NOTHING!

LISTEN! THERE'S A CERTAIN KIND OF DOPE ONLY DOCTORS CAN BUY. IT'S SO STRONG THAT JUST THE SMELL OF IT DRIVES ANIMALS NUTS! YA KNOW WHAT I MEAN?

YEAH! BUT ANYBODY USING IT TAKES HIS LIFE IN HIS HANDS! YOU KNOW THAT, TOO, PUNK?

THEN I GO TO THIS DOCTOR'S ADDRESS TWO NIGHTS FROM NOW AND GET THE DOPE IN A LITTLE GLASS BOMB! THAT RIGHT?

THAT'S RIGHT! AND REMEMBER, THE BOOKERS REHEARSAL WILL BE YOUR LAST CHANCE TO USE IT!

KING FARNUM CIRCUS

KING FARNUM CIRCUS ENTRANCE

IF GROSSER SUCCEED'S IN THROWING THAT CHEMICAL BOMB INTO THE ARENA, HIS DREAM OF VENGEANCE IS LIKELY TO COME TRUE IN A HORRIBLE WAY.



# Clyde Beatty

DARE DEVIL LION-TRAINER



ARE YOU SURE THESE LIONS ARE READY FOR THIS TEST? IF THIS ACT LOOKS SOUR, I'LL HAVE TO BOOK KING-FARNUM FOR THOSE PRE-SEASON ENGAGEMENTS!

YOU'LL SEE FOR YOURSELF IN A FEW MINUTES, JOHNSON!

WOULD YOU BELIEVE HALF THOSE ANIMALS WERE UNTRAINED THREE WEEKS AGO, JOHNSON?

IF IT'S ALL AS GOOD AS THIS, WE'LL BOOK CLYDE'S ACT FOR THE MAIN SEASON, TOO!



THIS LAST REHEARSAL WILL DECIDE WHETHER CLYDE'S ACT OR KING-FARNUM WILL GET THE \$50,000.00 BOOKINGS.



THE BEST ACT EVER DEVELOPED, THE PUBLIC WILL LAP IT UP!

CAGE #17

I'M GONNA DELIVER THIS TELEGRAM TO MR. JOHNSON!

HOLD ON! YOU'LL HAVE TO WAIT TILL THE ACT IS OVER!

I BETTER GO SEE WOT'S THE BLOOMIN' TROUBLE!

IT'S GROSSER!

THE GUY WHO TRIED TO KILL MR. BEATTY!



I'LL COME BACK AN' FINISH YA AFTER I GET BEATTY!



GROSSER'S DISGUISE HAS FAILED, BUT HE STILL HAS THE GLASS BOMB!

TELEGRAM FOR MR. JOHNSON!

IT MUST BE SOMETHING IMPORTANT TO HAVE IT SENT HERE!



LOOK OUT! HELP! STOP HIM!



ATTA GIRL! WE'LL TAKE CARE OF THAT BIRD!



AGAIN GROSSER HAS FAILED, THANKS TO QUICK THINKING LITTLE ALICE, WELLS-BEATTY LANDS THE CONTRACT, AND GROSSER LANDS IN JAIL.

# TOM MIX

and the  
KIDNAPERS OF  
CHOLLA WASH

by  
JIM  
STEVENS

TOM LEARNS THAT "BULL" EADIE AND "MITCH" WOOTEN ARE TRYING TO FORCE JOLIES FERN, INVALID OWNER OF THE 3 SLASH F, TO SELL HIS RANCH. HE IS SURE THAT THE LETTER SPOKEN BY "BULL" WAS FERN'S SISTER GAIL, ANNOUNCING THE TIME OF HER ARRIVAL AT CHOLLA WASH — IN SPITE OF "BULL'S" THREAT TO SHOOT HIM ON SIGHT TOM GETS OUT TO GET THAT LETTER.....

HEY, TOM!  
WAIT!

TOM DON'T KNOW BULL'S B RAIL IF OUTFIT... THEY'LL PLUG HIM, SURE!... BESIDES HE HAIN'T GOT A GUN!

HOLD ON TOM!  
I'M GOING WITH YOU!

HERE, TOM, TAKE THIS... BULL DON'T HAVE ANY RESPECT FOR EMPTY HOLSTERS... HE'S GUNNIN' FOR YOU!

THANKS, LANKY I'VE GOT ANOTHER SPARE SHOOTIN' IRON IN MY SADDLE POCKET

WHAT 'OH FIGURE! BULL WANTED WITH THAT LETTER FROM FERN'S SISTER?

I'M NOT SURE, LANKY, BUT YOU CAN BET IT FITS IN WITH HIS SCHEME TO MAKE FERN SELL THE 3 SLASH F RANCH

COME TO THINK ABOUT IT I'D HAVE QUITE A JOB TRYING TO PROVE THAT BULL TOOK THE LETTER... HE AND HIS WHISKERED PAL MITCH WOULD SWEAR THEY WERE NOWHERE NEAR FERN'S MAIL BOX!

DOGGONE IT, TOM! IF WE ONLY KNEW WHAT TRAIN MISS FERN WAS COMIN' ON

THE SUREST WAY OF LEARNIN' THAT IS TO KEEP AN EYE ON "BULL" EADIE. COME ON!



# TOM MIX

and the  
KIDNAPERS of  
CHOLLA WASH

by JIM STEVENS



# TOM MIX

and the  
KIDNAPERS of  
CHOLLA WASH

by  
JIM  
STEVENS



COME ON, TONY! WHEN AN HONEST CORNMAN PULLS HIS HORSE'S SHADE'S HE'S UP TO SOMETHING SHADY.



WHEN 'N' TRAIN STOPS AND SHE GETS OFF LET ME DO TH' TALKIN', MITCH.

CHORE BULL, BUT WONT SHE BE SUSPICIOUS OF US RIDIN' THESE BAREFOOTED CAYLUSES?



NAW! SHE'S AN EASTERNER, MITCH. SHE DONT KNOW NOTHIN' ABOUT CORNMASS.

MEBBER SHE CANT RIDE A HOS, THEN!

MEANWHILE BULL AND BITCH HEAD FOR THE RAILROAD WATER STOP IN CHOLLA WASH.



WE COULDN'T BRING A BUCKBOARD—IT'D BE TOO EASY TO TRACK. LEAVE EVERYTHIN' T' ME, MITCH!

DONT LET TH' TRAIN CREW GET A LOOK AT YUH, BULL.



WE'LL BE AT CHOLLA WASH IN A FEW MINUTES, MISS FERN.

THANK YOU I'LL GET READY.

ON BOARD THE EXPRESS...



PARDON ME, MISS, BUT I HOPE THERE'LL BE SOMEONE TO MEET YOU. THIS IS ONLY A WATER STOP FOR US... NO STATION AGENT HERE. IT'S A MIGHTY DESOLATE PLACE.



THE TRAIN SLOWS FOR CHOLLA WASH.

# TOM MIX

and the  
KIDNAPERS OF  
CHOLLA WASH

by  
JIM STEVENS



NOT A SOUL HERE, MISS FERN. SURE YOU DON'T WANT TO RIDE ON AND CATCH A DRY TRAIN BACK TOMORROW?

THANK YOU, BUT I'S FEEL CERTAIN THEY WILL BE ALONG SOON.



THERE GOES TH' TRAIN, BULL.

YOU STAY HERE, SLIM, AND COVER US. WE'LL TAKE THE HORSES.



HOWDY! -- YOU MISS FERN?

OH!... OH, YES, BUT YOU'RE NOT THE LANKY JONES JULIUS DESCRIBED IN HIS LETTERS.



JULIUS ASKED US T' COME BY FOR YUM... ER... A... LANKY GOT HURT WHEN A WILD MARE SMASHED UP TH' BUCKBOARD... HOPE YUM CAN RIDE, MISS, THERE WEREN'T ANOTHER BUCKBOARD IN THESE PARTS.

AT THIS INSTANT, JUST BEYOND THE RIDGE, TOM HURRIEDLY DISMOUNTS AND DRINKS HIS GUNS!



STAY HERE, TONY! -- THAT LOOKS LIKE THE FOUR HORSES WE'VE BEEN TRAILING... MISS FERN'S THERE TOO!



WHAT TH'...!

ALL RIGHT, BILL, AND YOU, MITCH, GET YOUR HANDS UP! PRONTO!



THESE HOMBRES WERE AIMIN' TO KIDNAP YOU, MISS FERN!

BUT TOM IS UNWILING OF SLIM'S STEALTHY APPROACH!

# CRACKAJACK ONE PAGE THRILLERS



Fur smuggling had become a source of great annoyance to the United States Government, so Dan Dunn, Secret Operative 48, was assigned to trace down those who were responsible. After considerable investigation, his first point of contact seemed to be in Seattle.

In the office of the Chief of Police in Seattle, Dunn explained that he would like to have a squad of men ready at a moment's notice, as the leader of the gang he was after was none other than Jim Bradley, a desperate killer, known as the King of the Fur Regions.

Dan Dunn found his way around to the various points of the slum section of the city. Late that night Dan learned that his man was stopping at the Central House, one of the toughest flop-houses in this western city.

The detective quickly located the place and strolled into the bar. There was Bradley, standing with a glass of whiskey in his hand. Beside him were two rather attractive-looking girls. Not the sort one would expect to see in such a dive. They had evidently had a drink or two and, naturally, felt a little gay.

It seemed that Jim Bradley, a big, rather handsome brute, had met these women earlier in the day under more favorable conditions and had appealed to their love of adventure. They had voiced a desire to see the world, and who was Jim Bradley to turn them down? No, sir. They were leaving on his schooner, the "Mary Ann," the following midnight.

Bradley had felt quite safe in this underworld hang-out, and, besides, he was too drunk to watch his words. Certainly, he did not know that he was being watched by Dan, who was out to stop his fur smuggling.

Secret Agent Dunn notified the police that Jim Bradley was about to push off from a certain downtown pier at midnight with two girls, who were unmistakably

minors. The Chief was to have a squad of men surround the pier and nab the criminal as he was about to embark with the young girls. As yet, the Government had not actually caught Bradley with the goods, but he was unquestionably their man. This raid which Dan Dunn planned, however, would be all they needed to stop his smuggling activities.

Evidently, something slipped up on the part of the police, for Jim Bradley was tipped off that they were laying for him. This put a temporary crimp in his plans. Then, he got an idea:

"You girls better go on ahead," advised Bradley, trying to conceal from them the fact that they might find their heads in a noose before they returned from their destination on a barren island, off the coast of Canada. "I'll meet you at midnight, sharp, at that other pier I told you about on the North Side."

"We'll be there big boy," replied one of the girls.

Jim Bradley and his two feminine friends tricked the police and got out to sea in his schooner before the alarm of their departure was sounded.

Immediately, Dan Dunn contacted the Coast Guard and, within half an hour he was on his way in a cutter in pursuit of Bradley's gang of smugglers.

Once he was sure he had sighted them. Then, due to a heavy fog, he lost them again. Bradley's base of operations was on Belkoff Island, about five hundred miles up from Seattle and off the coast of Canada.

After a rough and sickening trip, the girls were put ashore on a small island about twenty-five miles from their base, as Bradley had received word by wireless from his base that the Coast Guard were on their trail.

Dan Dunn and his Coast Guards came into sight of the island just as Jim Bradley's schooner was sailing away. Naturally, they felt that Bradley and his gang had gone ashore, too, so they pulled up alongside the landing place and prepared to capture their men.

They found only the two unsophisticated young girls who were almost too frightened to talk. However, they were able to be of some assistance to Dan, for they had heard Bradley say where he was going from there.

Within half an hour's run from where Dan Dunn had saved the girls from a fate of starvation, he and the Coast Guards surprised Jim Bradley and his gang and confiscated a shipment of furs ready to be dumped on the United States market, duty-free, and valued at about one million dollars.





## CRACKAJACK ONE PAGE THRILLERS



"I want you to take this oil lease to Shawnee," said old Mrs. Crandall, a cripple, in a Tulsa hospital.

"What shall I do with it?" asked Myra North.

"File it, before my grandson, Jed Wilson, schemes to get it from me," nervously replied the aged woman.

Myra North arrived in Shawnee on the afternoon bus, the following day.

Walking along the only street of this quaint village, Myra stopped before a group of men to ask the way to the Recorder's Office. One tall, good-looking chap, wearing spurs and a ten-gallon hat, stepped forward. "I'll show you the way, miss."

"If you'd just tell me . . ." blushed Myra, somewhat favorably impressed.

"No trouble, miss . . ." the awkward plainsman hesitated, for he had already started to walk along with her. ". . . what did you say your name was?"

"Myra North. I'm a nurse."

"Mine's John Maisfield," he said. "Somebody sick hereabouts?"

"No. I'm here to file an oil lease for Mrs. Crandall."

Just then, a staggering drunk fell toward Myra and threw her into John's arms, pushing them off the narrow pavement. John knew the fellow, one Walt Dixon, who spent his time drinking and gambling at Sadie's Tavern. He slapped Dixon back in line, and he and Myra were on their way.

Arriving at the Recorder's Office, they found it closed.

"What will I do, now?" asked Myra hopelessly.

"You can stay at Mrs. Bolton's boardinghouse," happily suggested John. "She sits a right smart table."

"It's my only choice," gratefully remarked the beautiful nurse. "Thanks for your help, Mr. Maisfield."

"I was thinkin', Miss North," boyishly suggested John, "it'll be kinda lonesome there tonight. Maybe you'd sorta like to dance over at Sadie's Tavern."

Myra paused. "That would be fun . . . We'll meet there at eight?"

Walt Dixon, who had bumped into Myra, had been sober enough to overhear what she said about filing

Mrs. Crandall's lease. Dixon was a pal of Jed Wilson, grandson to the old lady. Wilson was in Shawnee, scheming, as Mrs. Crandall had suspected. He and Dixon were talking at a table in Sadie's Tavern, when Myra walked in. Dixon signalled to Sadie.

Wilson explained his plan to have Sadie get Myra upstairs and relieve her of the lease.

Shortly after, Myra was up in Sadie's room. Diplomatic gestures failing, Sadie began taking the lease from Myra by force. They struggled and scrambled. Myra seemed to be getting the advantage when, the door opened and Jed grabbed her. She screamed!

Jed tried to pry the lease from Myra's clutched fist. She could take a lot, but Wilson was raving mad. He meant to get that lease. He was about to strike Myra a fatal blow, when John Maisfield appeared at the door.

"Put up your hands, you snake!" snapped Maisfield.

On the way back to Mrs. Bolton's with Myra, John explained that, not having seen her at the tavern, he had gone to the boardinghouse and had been told she had left for Sadie's. Then, seeing Wilson rush upstairs and hearing the noise, he had become suspicious.

Next morning, John called for Myra, but he learned that she had left, taking her bag with her. He hurried to the Recorder's Office but was told that Myra had not filed the lease.

John asked if Jed Wilson had been there.

"No," said the clerk, "but Dixon has."

John sensed trouble. Myra must have left for Tulsa on the bus. He mounted his fast, white horse and was off to catch the bus.

What John didn't know was that Jed and Dixon had left ten minutes before to hold up the bus and get the lease from Myra.

After an hours riding, the two outlaws halted the Tulsa bus out in open country. Jed struggled with Myra, while Dixon held the others at gun-point.

Suddenly, Dixon recognized John's white horse galloping toward them. Jed snatched Myra bodily and placed her on his horse. The three rode across the plains.

John was gaining at every drop of the horse's hoof. As he got closer, they began firing. But John was quicker on the draw and a sure shot.

As Jed Wilson lay dead in the sand and Dixon moaned beside him, Myra and John sat watching the fading sunset; neither saying a word; neither fully understanding why.



# Talking Shop

BY  
WILLIAMS



# Flapper Fanny

by Sylvia



"DIDN'T YOU CHECK OUT THAT ONE LAST WEEK, DEAR?"

"YEAH, BUT I DIDN'T GET TO READ IT. IT WAS JUST THE RIGHT SHADE WITH FANNY'S NEW DRESS."

"TURN IT OFF! THAT COWBOY TENOR IS AWFUL!"

"YEAH, HE NEVER SHOULD HAVE QUIT RODEO FOR THE RADIO."

## CRACKAJACK ONE PAGE THRILLERS



Adventure had been ringing in the ears of Freckles McGoosey for many weeks. At last, he prevailed upon his parents to consent to a trek in the mountains with his chum, Nutty Cook, to trap.

Freckles and Nutty covered the first day with a little over-dose of tiredness. As the second day began to darken, the fascination of walking lost its charm; the wind began to rise. A terrific storm was on its way.

While the youths rested along the roadside, Freckles happened to notice a black sedan near a hut, about a quarter of a mile from the road. That looked inviting.

Night was upon the boys before they reached the hut. A small lamp was burning inside.

"I feel kinda creepy, don't you, Nutty?" remarked Freckles.

"Seems as though there ought to be some noise nearby, with the light lit," replied Nutty.

"Let's take it easy," suggested Freckles. "We don't know who might live here."

Just then, they heard a girl scream! It came from the hut! Then, absolute silence. For what seemed like ages, not another sound came from within that shack.

"What do you think we should do, Freckles?" asked Nutty, a bit trembly.

"I don't know. Surely, they must have seen us coming before night set in," speculated Freckles.

"Yeah, but they can't see us now. We could sneak up and peek in the window," offered Nutty.

"What if they should hear us, Nutty?"

The two frightened, but curious, boys soon edged their way through the underbrush. Freckles carefully looked through the narrow window. For a moment, he was speechless. His face, in the beam of the oil lamp which shone outside, reflected a sense of horror.

"What's wrong, Freckles?" anxiously whispered his pal.

"A young girl's tied up in there."

"Let me look," said Nutty, and he pushed his way to where he could see inside. "Gosh, that's awful! She's beautiful, too."

"Careful those crooks don't see you, Nutty."

The two criminals must have thought they heard pawlers, for the door quickly flew open and they came rushing out. Freckles ducked back into the woods, but they caught Nutty, who was still at the window.

"Whadda ya want around here?" asked one of the crooks, named Blinkie.

"Just wandering through the woods, and saw your light," replied Nutty, trying to act courageously.

"Expect me to believe that?" growled Blinkie.

"You here alone?" asked Muggins, the second thug.

"Why, yes," said Nutty, realizing that if Freckles were on the outside, he could run for help.

"Come on!" snapped Blinkie. "We'll take care of you so you won't look in no more windows."

Nutty was shoved around inside the hut and tied to a chair on the opposite side of the room from the girl. He was terribly worried, as he didn't know if Freckles would return with help in time to save him—and, he hoped, the beautiful young blonde, who lay helplessly bound and gagged on a battered old army cot.

At first, Freckles thought of finding his way back to the highway where he might get someone to help him rescue his pal, but he got a better idea. Weighing every move and carefully planning every step, Freckles edged around to the front porch.

He waited till the wind started to howl and slash through the trees, then he unstrapped two large bear traps from his pack and placed them on the porch, just outside the door. He studied the steps that one would naturally take when coming out and, when he was sure he had the traps all set, he stepped to one side of the hut and let out an agonizing cry.

As he had anticipated, the two thugs came rushing out the door and, as soon as they had flopped their feet on the porch, the traps went "snap!"

While Blinkie and his criminal pal, Muggins, struggled and moaned, Freckles ran in and quickly released Nutty. The two hurriedly untied the charming young miss, and all three escaped before the kidnapers could free their mangled feet.



# ED TRACER "G-MAN" X32 VS "THE PIRANHA" GHASTLY KILLER

ED TRACER'S NEXT ASSIGNED TO RESCUE THE CROWN PRINCESS, HELENA OF SPANOVIA FROM THE "PIRANHA", ONE OF THE WORLD'S MOST DESPICABLE KILLERS.

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IN YOUR NEXT ASSIGNMENT, ED, YOU'LL HAVE TO OUTWIT THE SHREWDEST CROOK ON RECORD... THE PIRANHA.

THE PIRANHA! WHAT'S HE WANTED FOR, NOW, CHIEF?



HIS GANG HAVE SPIRITED PRINCESS HELENA OF SPANOVIA OUT OF HER COUNTRY. THEY'RE DUE IN NEW YORK ON THE "NORMAN"

WHY CHIEF, SHE WAS TO HAVE BECOME NEXT RULER OF SPANOVIA.



YES, ED, AND IN TRACKING DOWN THE PIRANHA WE MUST LEARN HOW HE REDUCES HIS VICTIMS TO SKELETONS.

YOU CAN COUNT ON ME, CHIEF. NOW I MUST HURRY TO NEW YORK BEFORE THE "NORMAN" ARRIVES.



BUT WHY YOU WON'T TELL ME WHERE YOU TAKE ME, MAID?

GET THIS, PRINCESS. I AIN'T NO MAID / I'M CHUCK LONGERGAN'S MOLL, JOSIE. AND YOU WON'T NEED NO RETURN TICKET WHERE YOU'RE GOIN'.



IN A STATEROOM ABOARD THE S.S. "NORMAN"

I WEEE GEEV YOU WHATEVAIR YOU ASK, FEEF. YOU WEEE GET ME BACK TO MY PEOPLE.

SAVE YOUR BREATH, PRINCESS. NOBODY DOUBLE-CROSSES THE PIRANHA WITHOUT LOSING THEIR SKIN.



... AND MIKE, HER HIGHNESS PLITS ON A PLAIN SAUT BEFORE WE LAND. HAIR TIGHT. NO MAKE-UP.

BUT, CHUCK, SHOULDN'T WE COVER HER FACE?



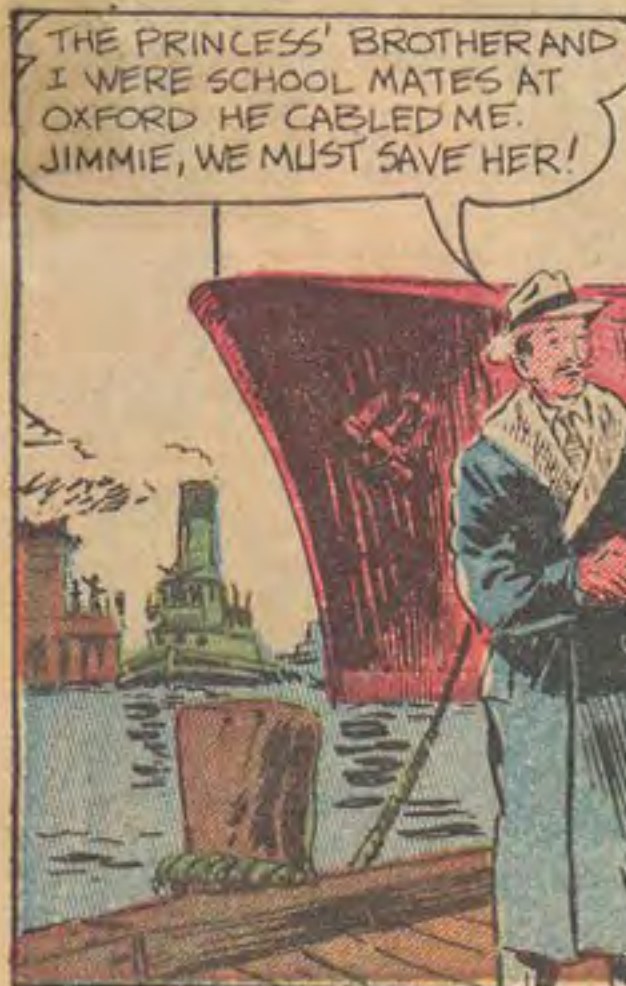
IN THE NEXT STATEROOM



MEANTIME... COUNT SERGE PIERRE, FRIEND OF THE SPANOVIA ROYAL FAMILY, RECEIVES CABLEGRAM IN NEW YORK.



# ED TRACER "G-MAN" X 32





## ED TRACER "G-MAN" X 32



# ED TRACER "G-MAN" X 32



# Don & Red

OF THE NAVY

by  
LIEUT. COMDR. F.V. MARTINEK, U.S.N.R.  
and LEON A. BERTH

DON AND RED WILL  
DROWN LIKE RATS  
IN THE BRIG OF  
THE WRECKED  
MUNITIONS SHIP  
UNLESS —

DON — YOU'RE  
SURE THERE'S A HOLE  
DOWN THERE BIG  
ENOUGH TO CRAWL  
THROUGH?

IT'S OUR  
ONLY HOPE,  
RED.





# Don Winslow

OF THE NAVY

by LIEUT. COMDR. F.V. MARTINEK, U.S.N.R., and LEON A. BEROH

DON SWAM SAFELY ASHORE BUT POOR RED COULDN'T SQUEEZE THROUGH THE NARROW HOLE IN THE HULL OF THE WRECKED SHIP

GREAT CAESAR! RED'S TRAPPED IN THAT FLOODED CELL-- AND THE SHIPS SETTLING DOWN-DOWN!

CRUNCH  
CRASH

IT'S ALL OVER FOR HIM NOW! OH, RED - I DIDN'T MEAN TO DESERT YOU !!

WHAT WAS THAT? DID I HEAR A VOICE?

SOMEONE'S UP THERE ON THE CRAGS -- HEY! RED---

HERE COMES -- WHY, GOOD HEAVEN! IT'S A GIRL !!

AND WHAT'S THIS? A MAN CHASING HER WITH A GUN !!

COME BACK HERE, YOU LITTLE--

UGH!

SO IT'S YOU AGAIN!! DON'T MOVE, CAPTAIN-- YOU'RE MY PRISONER NOW!!

# Don Winslow

by

LIEUT. COMDR. F.V. MARTINEK, U.S.N.R.,  
and LEON A. BERTH



OF THE  
NAVY

ON A ROCKY  
PATH ABOVE THE  
SEA DON WINSLOW  
HAS FOUND HIS  
ENEMY, THE  
CAPTAIN OF THE  
WRECKED SHIP

GRACIAS, SEÑOR  
AMERICANO... YOU  
HAVE SAVE ME!



WHY WAS THIS  
RASCAL CHASING  
YOU, SENORITA?

BECAUSE I REFUSE  
TO GUIDE HIM AND  
HIS OUTLAW CREW  
TO LAGUNA HARBOR



- BUT NOW,  
LITTLE ONE,  
I'VE GOT YOU!

GET BACK  
THERE, YOU  
THUG, OR  
I'LL -



SHOOT AWAY, NAVY  
FOOL... THAT GUN  
IS EMPTY!!



I DON'T NEED  
A GUN FOR THIS  
LITTLE JOB



NOW WE'VE  
GOT TO GET  
OUT OF HERE!

YES! YES!  
FOLLOW ME  
DOWN THIS WAY!



I KNOW WHERE IS  
HIDDEN A SMALL BOAT  
ON THE SHORE

GOOD! WITH  
THAT GANG ON  
OUR HEELS IT'S  
OUR ONE CHANCE!



**Don Winslow**  
OF THE NAVY  
by LIEUT. COMDR. F. V. MARTINEK, USNR  
and LEON A. BERTH

HERE WE ARE AT THE SHORE SENOR

GOOD! NOW WHERE'S THAT BOAT HIDDEN?

BELOW THIS BIG ROCK—COME!

LUCKY FOR DON! HE'S RESCUED A PRETTY LITTLE SPANISH SEÑORITA FROM THE MUNITIONS SMUGGLERS AND NOW SHE SHOWS HIM A WAY TO SAFETY

AY DE MIO! WE COME TOO LATE!!

IT IS FOUND BY THE ENEMY—LOOK!

NO! BY THE ETERNAL—IT'S RED PENNINGTON! HEY! RED! RED!!

HUH? WELL, FOR—IT'S OLD DON WINSLOW HIMSELF!

GEE! RED, HOW'D YOU EVER—

AND YOU, SKIPPER—WHY, I THOUGHT YOU WERE—!

PING

A SHOT! THAT GANG'S RIGHT ON OUR HEELS! INTO THE BOAT, BOTH OF YOU—WE'VE GOT TO PULL FOR OUR LIVES!

# WASH TUBBS

BY ROY CRANE







# WASH TUBBS

BY ROY CRANE



**Who won?**  
**BATTLE ENDS IN RIOT!**  
 BABY'S KNOCKOUT OF LULU BELLE AFTER SHE WAS DECLARED WINNER, CAUSES CUSTOMERS REFUSE TO SETTLE BETS. THE FIGHT IS ON!



# WASH TUBBS

BY ROY CRANE



HUNT YOU GOT ME OUTA THERE, AFTER ALL I DONE TO EASY! SURE!



BUT GLORY BE! I THROWN HIM INTO A HORN AN' KICKED HIM AN' STOMPED HIM AN' FORGET IT WE'VE HELPED EACH OTHER OUT OF SO MANY SCRAPES IT'S GETTING TO BE A HABIT.



YE GOT ME OUTA THE RING, BOYS, BUT WHERE'S ME CLOTHES?

THE GON' VERE COMING.



BUT GLORY BE! I CAN'T GO TOUNDER AROUND TH' COUNTRY DRESSED LIKE THIS! I'LL GET ARRESTED!



SO WILL I, BUT WOTTA WE BURNA DOT? I KNOW, SONNY! EAT YE VEE COAT AROUND ME WAST.



THERE! IS THAT MORE LADY-LIKE? WELL—I DUNNO—IT ALL DEPENDS ON THE POINT OF VIEW!



ANYWAY, YE WERE MIGHTY NICE YER GET ME OUTA THE RING, EASY, AFTER THE WAY I KICKED AN' STOMPED YE, IT—IT MAKES ME FEEL DOWNRIGHT ASHAMED.

AN, FORGET IT!



BUT YE HAD IT COMIN' TO YE, YE GOL-DURN HOOTON! I ORT OF BROKE YER NECK! WHY?



BECAUSE YOU BROKE UP MY HOME, THIS WAY YE CAUSED MY HUSBAND TO ELUPE BY A FIZZLE-HEADED OIL WIDDER.

WE WHAT?



DON'T ACT INNOCENT WIT ME! BOW NOW JONES TOLD ME ALL ABOUT IT.

HO HO HO SHE BELIEVES BOW NOW, TH' BIGGEST LIAR WEST OF TIMBUKTL!

LULL BELLE, YOU HAVEN'T THE MEANS OF A DEVENTED DOOLEE-BUG!



THEN IT AINT TUBS, EASY, THAT YOU CAUSED HOLLY TO ELUPE WIT THAT OIL WIDDER!

OF COURSE IT AINT TUBS, LULL BELLE.

HECK, NO! WHY WE DIDNT EVEN KNOW HE'Y ELUPE!

I SEE IT ALL NOW, BOW NOW JONES TO ME LIED! HOS I'D GOT MAD AN' FIGHT ME BBS FRON.

# WASH TUBBS

BY ROY CRANE



1  
THERE'S BEEN A BUNCH OF PRODIGAL HOLLOWS SINCE THE BALLS BACK IN WED, PLANE THE LOTTERY TO TRY BUCKER BRILL.



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 Price **2.95**



**WUGGLE CUSHION**  
 Price **2.95**



**CRYSTAL RADIO \$15**  
 Price **15.00**



**DELUXE SHIRT**  
 Price **2.95**



**MYSTOPLANE**  
 Price **2.95**



**WONDERFUL \$2.95 TOY**  
 Price **2.95**



**WUGGLE CUSHION**  
 Price **2.95**



**CRYSTAL RADIO \$15**  
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 Price **2.95**



**READY-TO-FLY AIRPLANES**  
 Nothing To Build  
 Price **15c**



**WHEEL SKIRT**  
 Price **1.95**



**BLANK CARTRIDGE PISTOLS**  
 Price **1.95**



**POPULAR REVOLVER STYLE**  
 Price **50c**



**JOY BUZZER**  
 Price **1.95**



**ITCHING & SNEEZING POWDER**  
 Price **35c**



**BLANK CARTRIDGE PISTOLS**  
 Price **1.95**



**POPULAR REVOLVER STYLE**  
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